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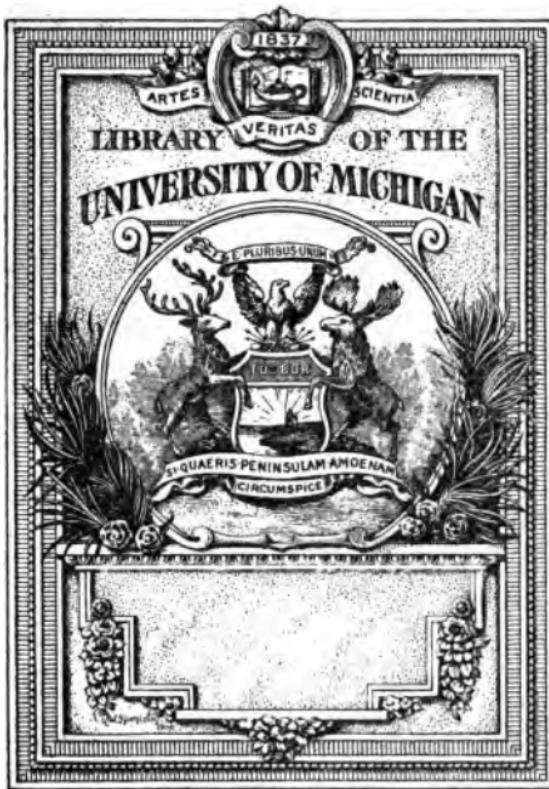
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ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 1.

SHAKESPEARE'S VENUS AND ADONIS.

From a hitherto-unknown Edition. 1599.—

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, by

SHAKESPEARE. 1599.—**PIGRAMMES,** by

SIR JOHN DAVIES; and **ovid's ELEGIES,**

by MARLOWE.

No. 2.

NEWES OUT OF POWLES CHURCH-

YARDE....Written in English Satyrs. By

E. HAKE. 1579.

No. 3.

BRETON (NICHOLAS). NO WHIPPINGE,

NOR TRIPPINGE: BUT A KINDE

FRIENDLY SNIPPINGE. 1601.

No. 4.

SOUTHWELL (ROBERT). A FOVRE-

FOVLD MEDITATION OF THE

FOURE LAST THINGS. 1606.



THE ISHAM REPRINTS.

No. 3.



**NO WHIPPINGE, NOR TRIP-
PINGE : BUT A KINDE
FRIENDLY SNIPPINGE.**

BY NICHOLAS BRETON.

1601.



No Whippinge, nor Trip- pinge: but a kinde friendly Snippinge.

LONDON, 1601.

15-5-629

A POETICAL REPLY, MORAL, SATIRICAL, AND PRO-
VERBAL, DURING THE LITERARY QUARREL BETWEEN
BEN JONSON, JOHN MARSTON, W. INGRAM, OF
CAMBRIDGE, AND OTHERS.

BY NICHOLAS BRETON,

AUTHOR OF "THE PILGRIMAGE TO PARADISE," "RAVISH'T SOULE
& BLESSED WEEPER," "FLOORISH UPON FANCIE," ETC.

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION, LATELY
IN THE POSSESSION OF SIR CHARLES E. ISHAM, BART.,
AND NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, WITH
A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE,

BY CHARLES EDMONDS,

EDITOR OF THE "ISHAM SHAKESPEARE OF 1599;" HAKE'S
"NEWES OUT OF FOWLES CHURCHYARDE, 1579;" "THE
POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN," BY CANNING,
HOOKHAM FRERE, G. ELLIS, W.
GIFFORD, ETC.

PUBLISHED BY
ELKIN MATHEWS,
VIGO STREET, LONDON,
MDCCCXCV.

CHISWICK PRESS:—CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE BY
THE DISCOVERER, WHO IS
ALSO THE EDITOR.

THAT “Good Wine needs no Bush” is a good old English proverb, and one that the good old English writer who is now under notice would have heartily endorsed, for no one more frequently used proverbs nor more often inculcated their study, as may be seen in the present Tractate, and in another production of his published in the same year. On his great literary abilities, both in prose and verse, and his power to bound “from grave to gay, from lively to severe”—it is unnecessary to dilate, for they have been acknowledged by competent authorities from the time when he first appeared as an author in 1577, till his last dated work in 1637. Indeed, he was never more appreciated than at the present time, as

is evidenced by the jubilant chorus of Bibliophiles and Bibliographers over the acquisition of some of the most important of his as well as of other precious books, from the Lamport Hall Library, by the British Museum authorities, and proudly exhibited by them in the King's Library there.¹

This poetical piece by NICHOLAS BRETON, a Staffordshire man, was found by the writer of the present notice, together with many other most valuable poetical works of the Elizabethan-Jacobean age, in a disused lumber-room at Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire, the seat of Sir Charles E. Isham, Bart., the 23rd Sept., 1867. What made this literary treasure-trove more noteworthy and valuable was, that not only most of the books were in as *clean and perfect* a state as when issued by the printer, but that many of them—including some by

¹ "Elizabethan Literature at the British Museum" is the heading of a highly congratulatory notice on the possession of these works, in "The Times" of Aug. 31, and in "Notes and Queries" of Sept. 15, 1894.

Breton—had never even been *cut open*. THE GREAT GLORY OF THE ISHAM LIBRARY was the volume containing the *hitherto unknown edition* of SHAKESPEARE's [so originally spelled] earliest poem, “Venus and Adonis,” dated 1599, and the remarkable collection of pieces entitled the “Paffionate Pilgrime”—these last all fathered upon Shakespeare without his authority—with pieces by (Sir) John Davies and Marlowe. This volume was in equally fine preservation, and in the original vellum binding, with strings.

The work now under notice was the last of an anonymous Trilogy; arising out of an attack upon BEN JONSON by a clique of envious and rancorous poets and actors, among whom were MARSTON and DEKKER, for his dictatorial and generally scornful manner towards them. The first of the series was entitled “The Whipping of the Satyre,” by I. W. The author is conjectured by the late Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who bestowed much labour on the matter, to have been W.M. INGRAM, of Cambridge. The second, called “The Whip-

per of the Satyre, his Pennance in a White Sheet, etc.,” who is also mercilessly attacked, is undoubtedly John Marston ; while the third shows the hand of Breton in every page.

BRETON’s work is especially valuable. Not only does he act as a true peacemaker, but exhibits his good qualities in various directions. His sound practical sense is shown throughout by the use he makes of English Proverbs ; and his scathing rebukes of each class of contemporary delinquents, and his object-lessons from human beings, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and spiders, are remarkably happy. **BUT HIS ALLUSIONS TO HIMSELF, HIS EDUCATION, HIS LIKES AND DISLIKES, ETC., HAVE ALL THE CHARM OF A CANDID AUTOBIOGRAPHY.**

C. E.



NO
VVhippinge, nor
trippinge: but a
kinde friendly
Snippinge.



Imprinted at London
for Iohn Browne,
& Iohn Deane.

1601.



¶ TO ALL GRATIOVS,
Vertuous, Courteous, Honest,
Learned, and gentle spirits, that are
truely poeticall, & not too fantasticall:
that will patiently read, indifferently cen-
sure, and honestly speake of the labours
of those wits that meane nothing
but well, the writer hereof wish-
eth all contentment, that
a good conditiō may
desire.



Y good friendes, if such yee be;
if not, God bleffe me from yee:
for the world is so full of wicked-
nesse, that a man can meete with
little goodnesse: Maye it please
you to understand, that it was my bappe of late,
passing through Paules Church yarde, to looke
upon certaine pieces of Poetrye, where I found
(that it greeues me to speake of) one writer so

The Epistle

straungely inueigh against another, that many shallow wits stooide and laught at their follies. Now, findinge their labours so toucht with ill tearms, as beftted not the learned to lay open; I thought good, hauing little to doe, to write unto all such writers, as take pleasure to see their wits plaie with the world, that they will henceforth, before they fall to worke, haue in minde this good prouerbe : Play with mee; but hurt me not : and ieft with me; but disgrace me not; Leaſt that the world this ieft do kindly smother, Why ſhould one foole be angry with an other? Now for my ſelfe, I proteste that humor of Charitie, that I wiſh to finde at all their handes that ſee and will reprooue my folly: for I am none of the ſeauen wiſe men, and for the eight, I knowe not where to ſeeke him. Beare with me then, if out of the principles of a painted cloth I haue pickt out matter to mooue impatience. And if there be any thing out of that poore library, that may take place in any of your good likings, I will honour your good ſpirits for your kinde acceptations. But, in anywiſe, what ere you think, giue me no word of comendation: leaſt, too glad of ſuch a miſchaunce, I truſt the better

to the Reader.

better to my euill fortune. Well, in earnest, I will entreat all good schollers to beare with my lacke of learning, and wise men with my lacke of witte, and my creditors with my lacke of mony. Which, though it haue nothing to doe in this Treatise, yet entreaty sometime doeth well with honest mindes: which I wish, and hope of in them, yea, and all the world that I shall haue to doe withall. Leauing therefore the patient to their Paradice, and the displeased to their better patience, in my loue to all schollers (but chiefly to those, that in the ioy of their studies, make vertue their heauen) I Rest

Your friend, as I finde cause.





No whippe.

(daies:

IS strange to see the humors of these
 How first the Satyre bites at imperficiōs:
 The Epigrammist in his quips displaies
 A wicked course in shadowes of corrections:
 The Humorist hee strictly makes collections
 Of loth'd behauaviours both in youthe and age:
 And makes them plaie their parts vpon a stge.

An other Madcappe in a merry fit,
 For lacke of witte did cast his cappe at sinne:
 And for his labour was well tould of it,
 For too much playing on that merry pinne:
 For that all fishes are not of one finne:
 And they that are of cholerick complections,
 Louenot too plain to reade their imperfection
 Now





No whippe.

Now comes another with a new founde vaine:
And onely falls to reprehensions:
Who in a kind of scoffing chiding straine,
Bringes out I knowe not what in his inuentions:
But I will ghesse the best of his intencions:
Hee would that all were well, and so would I:
Fooles shuld not too much shew their foolery,

And would to God it had ben so in deed,
The Satyres teeth had neuer bitten so:
The Epigrammist had not had a seede
Of wicked weedes, among his herbes to sowe,
Nor one mans humor did not others showe,
Nor Madcaphad not showen his ~~madness~~ such,
And that the whipper had not iérkt so much.

For





No whippe.

For they whose eyes into the world doe looke,
And canuaſſe euery crotchet of conceite,
Whose wary wittes can hardly be mistooke,
Who neuer feede their fancies with deceite,
Finde this the fruict of euery idle sleight:

To shew how enuy doeth her venom spit,
Or lacke of wealth doeth sell a little wit.

And while they tumble in their tubbes of coine,
Laugh at their wittes that runne so far awry :
In learning how to giue the foole the foine,
Mistake the warde & wound them selues thereby:
While only wealth doth laugh at beggery.

For rowling stones will neuer gather mosie,
And draunging wittes doe often liue by losse.

The





No whippe.

The Preachers charge is but to chide for sinne,
 While Poets steppes are short of such a state:
 And who an others office enters in,
 May hope of loue, but shalbe sure of hate.
 Tis not a time offences to relate.

Contentions sooner will begin then end :
 And one may sooner lose, then keepe a friend.

And he that writes, vnwary of his wordes,
 May haue an ill construiction of the sense.
 For fortune euer not the right affordes,
 Where will doeth gouerne ouer patience,
 Who doeth not finde it by experience,
 That points and letters often times misread,
 Endaunger oft the harmelesse writers head?

Good





No whippe.

Good writers then, if any such yee be,
In verse or prose, take well that I doe write:
I wish yee all what ere yee heare or see ,
Haste not your wits to bring it vnto light:
Lest ere you weet you doe repent your spight.
Your friendes ill courses neuer doe disclose,
And make your pens no fwords to hurt yonr foes.

Spend not your thoughts in spilling of your wits:
Nor spoile your eies,in spying of offences.
For howsoeuer you excuse your fittes,
They carry shreud suspect of ill pretences:
And when you seeke to make your best defences,
How euer priuate friends will poorly purse ye,
If one doe blesse yee, fwe to one will curse ye.
Some



11 OF M



No whippe.

Some one will say, you are too busie pated,
An other saies the foole is idle headed:
An other saies such rakehells would be rated:
An other, see, how will to wit is wedded:
An other, sure the man is poorely stedded:
Hee writ for coine, he knew, nor car'd not what:
But yet take heede, we must not like of that.

Meane while perhaps he fits within his Cell,
And sighes to heare how many descant on him:
And for a litle must his labour sell,
While such as haue the pence, do preie ypon him:
And he poore soule, in want thus wo begon him,
Curseth the time, that euer he was borne,
To vse his will to make his wit a scorne.





No whippe.

For let him bragge, and braue it as he list,
The Poets is a poore profession:
✓ And often times doeth fall on had I wist, (fession:
When conscience makes of inwarde crimes con-
And sorrow makes the spirites intercession,
For mercies pardon, to that time misspent,
Which was the soule for better seruice lent.

Yet will I say that some, oh all too fewe,
Doe bend their humors to diuine desires:
Those I confesse, doe in their verses shew,
What vertue, Grace into those soules inspires,
That are inflamed with the heauenly fires:
Such a good Poet, good if any bee,
Onely in God, would God that I were hee.

As





No whippe.

As for those fanfies, fictions, or such fables,
That shew in losse of time abuse of wit:
That neuer look't into those holy Tables,
Where doeth the grace of reasons glory sit:
And wisedome findes what is for vertue fit,
What ere they figure in their dark construcci:
They doe but little good in their instructions

No, poets, no: I write to yee in loue,
Let not the world haue cause to laugh at vs:
Let vs our mindes from such ill meanes remo:
As makes good spirits for to fall out thus:
Let vs our causes with more care discusse: (cl
Not bite, nor claw, nor scoffe, nor check, ne
But eche mend one, and ware the fall of p
Knc





No whippe.

Know'ſt thou a foole? then let him leaue his folly,
Or be ſo ſtil, and with his humour paſſe.
What hath thy wit to do with trolly lolly?
Muſt euery wiſe man ride vpon an Aſſe?
Take heede thou mak'ſt not him a looking glaſſe,
Wherin the world may too apparent ſee,
By blazing him, to finde the foole in thee.

Haſt thou eſpied a knaue? care not to know him,
Leſt that thy knowledge get thee little good.
Or if you know him, doe not ſeeke to ſhow him:
Leſt that your head be fear'd to fit his hoode.
Such ſenſe were better neuer vnderſtoode.
Better to ſee a knaue, and not to ſee,
Then to be thought a knaue, as well as hee.
Knowe





No whippe.

Know you a villaine? let him finde his matche:
And shew not you a Matche a villaines skill:
A foolish dogge at euery Curre doeth snatch,
Wordes haue no grace in eloquence of ill:
There is no wrestling with a wicked will:
Let passe the villaine with his villany,
Make thou thy match with better company.

Haue you acquaintance with some wicked quean,
Giue her good words, and do not blaze her faults:
Looke in thy soule if it be not vncleane:
And knowe that Sathan all the world assaultes:
Iacob himselfe before the Aungell haultes:
Sighe for her sinne, but doe not call her whore:
But learne of Christ, to bid her sinne no more.
Knowe





No whippe.

Know you a drunkeard? loath his drunkenesse:
 But doe not laie it open to his foes:
 Leaſt in deſcribing his vngodlineſſe,
 You take your ſelfe too ſoundly by the noſe:
 Who hurts himſelfe doth giue vnkindely blowes:
 Winke at each faulte & wiſh it were amended,
 And thiſke it well that's with repenſance ended.

Knowe you a wencher, let his wenche alone,
 Winke at his fault, & age will make him leauue it:
 And though he doe not, tell not Iohn of Ioane,
 For feare that ether you may miſconceaue it,
 Or tone be hurt when tother doth perceiue it:
 Or while you ſeeke to make their folly knowne,
 It be a meane to lay abroad your owne.

B

Knowe





No whippe.

Knowe you a Miser? let him be so still,
And let his spirites with his metall melt:
Let him alone to die in his owne ill,
And feede not you on that which he hath felt:
Be not you girded in so vile a belt:

Rather praie for him, then so raile vpon him,
That all the world may lay their curses on him.

Knowe you a Spendthrift secreatly aduise him,
But tell not all the worlde of his expence:
For if such kinde of warning you deuise him,
Your course maie happe to fall on such offence,
As may be put off with an ill defence:

For many a man that hath his wits asquint,
Would frowne to see his folly put in print.

Knowe





No whippe.

Know you a Gamester? let him play his game:
But seeke not you to cheat him of his coyne.
Nor to the world doe idly tell his name,
Whose heedlesse fancie doeth with folly ioyne, ✓
That cannot see who doeth his wealth purloine:
Leaſt when you name the chance that lost his
He light on you, & make your noddle ake. (ſtake

Know you a Plotter? ſtuddy not his Plots,
But leaue the buſie, to their buſinesſe:
Leaſt while you winde your wits into ſuch knots, ✓
You doe too late repent your fooliſhneſſe,
And while you write of ſuch vngodliſeſſe,
Finde ere the lines of halfe your rules bered,
To write of knaues doth bring a foole to bed. ✓

B 2

Know





No whippe

Be not a churle, nor yet exceed in cheere.
✓ Holdfast thine owne, pay truely what thou oweſt:
Sell not too cheape, and doe not buy to deare :
Tell but to few, what ſecret ere thou knoweft, (eft:
And take good heed to whom, & what thou ſhew-
Loue God, thy ſelf, thy wife, thy childrē, friend,
Neighbour, and ſeruant, and ſo make an end.

Beleeue no newes, till they be nine dayes old,
Nor thē too much, although the print approue thē:
Miftake not drosſe for perfect Indian gold; (them:
Nor make friends gods; but as you finde them, loue
And as you know them, keepe thē, or remooue thē.
Beware of beauty, and affect no ſlutte : ✓
✓ And ware the worme before ye cracke the nut
Be





No whippe.

Be neither proude, nor enuious, nor vnchaste;
Leaſt al too late,repentance ouer-take you: (waste,
And take good heede howe you your wealth doe
Leaſt fooles doe scoffe you, & your friends forsake
✓ And thē the begger by the ſhulders ſhake you. (you
Giue vnto all that aske;not askers,all:
And take heed how you clime,for fear you fall.

Doe well,be true, backe-bite no man,be iuft;
The Ducke,the Drake,the Owle,do teach you fo:
Speake what you thinke ; but no more then you
Leaſt vnawares you make your friend your fo(muft
Be warie, fayes the Crane; bee wiſe, the Crowe:
Be gentle,humble,courteous,meeke,& milde,
And you ſhall be your mothers bleſſed childe.





No whippe.

Be loyall, fayes the Lyon, for your life;
Be firme and constant, fayes the Elephant:
The Doue bids you be louing to your wife:
Be carefull, fayes the Partridge: painefull, the Ant:
Take heede, fayes Rainarde, of the Sycophant:
Be wakefull, fayes the Cocke: Witty, the Conny:
And fayes the Dog; looke well vnto your monie.

Hau all the weeke a penne behinde your eare,
And weare your swrd on Sundayes, tis enough:
Be not too venturous, nor too full of feare:
Nor stand too much vpon a double Ruffe;
Eor feare a falling band giue you the cuffe.
Know well your horse before you fall to ride:
And bid God blesse the Bride-groom & his Bride.

Be





No whippe.

Be merry, sayes the Cuckow: lusty, the Frog :
Nimble, the Snaile : the Mag-pye, prouident :
Be thrifty, sayes the Buzzard: cleanly the Hogge :
Honest, the Bull: the Pigeon resident :
The Popingear doth bid you to be silent :
Be valiant, sayes the Horse: simple, the Asse ;
A better Dictionary neuer was.

Be gracious, sayes the Kite : gentle, the waspe :
Be liberall, the Moile : sober, the Hare :
Swift, sayes the Tortoise : vertuous, the Ape :
Pittifull, the Woolfe : mannerly, the Mare :
Thankefull the Eagle: bountifull, the Stare :
Trusty, the Iack-daw: faithfull, sayes the Hearne :
What better lessons then the Birdes doe learne ?

No





No whippe.

No further runne, then you may turne gaine,
And let not will be guider of your wit.
What needes a plaister, where there is no paine ?
Physicke is onely for the crazed fit :
Who is in health, hath not to doe with it.
Take heede of lying lippes, a swearing tongue.
For they are odious both in old and young.

Haft thou a wit and knowest thou canst do wel,
Vse it vnto some worke of worth in deede.
For tis no wit, to teach a foole to spell
Nothing but foole; when he is learn'd to reed,
Better, to teach him Christs crosse be his speed,
And how the holy Ghost may better guide him,
Then with conceites of iests for to deride him.

It





No whippe.

It is a course of little charitie,
 To find out faults, and fall vpon them so;
 And tis a wit of singularitie,
 That perfect wisedom doth but little shew:
 Which thinks it giues the foole the ouer-throw,
 And might haue bene farre better exercised,
 Then in the folly that it hath suprized.

Tis womens iest to wrangle for a word,
 And what thinke women then of wrangling men
 Let such fond quarrels be put vnder boord, ✓
 As doe but spring out of an idle penne.
 Oh, trouble not the fowle within the fenne.
 The fame of learning neuer was worse grac't,
 Then where one foole an other hath defac't.
 But





No whippe.

But, art thou learned? looke into thy booke,
And thou shalt find thy fancy is abus'd,
Which hath thy hope of happy prayse mistooke;
And done a fault that cannot be excus'd:
For Wisedome neuer such an humour vf'd.
To shoote at shame, the aime was to farre off,
To beat downe sinne, to ierke it with a scoffe.

Hawkes hoods, & bels are not for Scholers study,
They haue no argument for wo, ho, ho:
Their spirits should not think on things so muddy,
Where Duckes lie dibbling in the lakes below:
But on the grounds, where sweeter graces grow.
And though a fault be scused with a iest:
A iest is but a folly at the best.

Let





No whippe.

Let all good Scbollers wind their wits away,
 From such ill following of their idle wils;
 Leaſt when they ſee their faults another day,
 They doe repente them of their little ſkilſ,
 Where lacke of Grace, a wittie ſpirit ſpiles.

For drinke is poison that is drunke in quaffing;
 And wit but folly, that ſets fooleſ a laughing.

Beleeue me, tis a kind of ſport to ſome
 That loue no wit; because of ignorance:
 When warres begin, to ſtrike a wodden drum.
 When vertuous ſpirits fall at variance :
 About the treading of a Moris-dance.

But what more ſpight can be to a good wit,
 Then ſee a foole to ſtand and laugh at it?

But





No whippe.

But, who will laugh so quickly as the foole?
Although he know not well at what indeede:
But who hath liu'd in any learned Schoole,
Would leaue a line for any asse to reede; ✓
Except(alas)he were constrain'd for neede,
As many are, God knowes(the more the pitty)
That were they wealthy, would be far more witty.

Sigh then for such,to see their sory cases,
That must such treasure for such trash, go sell:
And doe not fall to grieue them with disgraces,
That in their fowles doe so with sorrow dwell,
As in their hearts is more than halfe a hell,
To beat theit braines but for a little gaines,
And,or be curst, or scoft at for their paines.

But





No whippe.

But if there be some nimble wittted Sir,
 That loues to play with euery one he sees:
 And hath a sport to make a stinking stir
 With buzzing verses, like to Humble Bees:
 I wish such pride were plucked on his knees,
 To make him know twere better to be quiet,
 Then with his wits to runne so farre at riot.

But for my selfe, I know not any such:
 Because, perhaps, I haue not read their writings:
 Or els, I doubt they are too deepe a tuch,
 For the short reach of my poore thoughts inditings,
 That could not roue at their conceipts delightings.
 How ere it be, I know I doe not know them;
 And therefore care not who do ouerthrow them.
 But





No whippe.

But for my selfe, what euer I haue writ;
And for poore Mad-cap, I dare sweare as much:
In all the compasse of a little wit,
It meant no one particular to touch.
But for one should not at another grutch;
As the clouds thickend, and the raine did fall,
He cast his Cap, at sinne in generall.

Indeed, tis true, he cast his Cap at sinne;
And would to God that all the world did so:
Then doe I hope our spirits should begin,
Our wit, and senses better to bestow,
Then one to seeke anothers ouer-throw.
But pardon him for what is past before,
And he hath done for capping any more.

And





No whippe.

And for my selfe, good brother, by your leaue,
I will not now dispute an Argument
Of what I would, nor what I could conceiue,
Nor what may be discretions detriment,
In shewing of a wittie excrement:

But I will wish all Scholers shold be friends,
And Poets not to brawle for puddings ends.

I am not worthy to be heard to speake
Emong the wise, what they shold haue to doe:
But if there liue a wit that be too weake,
Aduised care to bring his will vnto:
Oh, with good words let me his spirit wooe,
That he will now but onely studie *pro*,
Let *nos* be *nobis*, and the *contra* goe.

C

So





No whippe.

So shall our Muses sweetest musique make,
When gratiouse spirits doe agree in one :
And euery foole may not example take
At our vnnaturall dissention :
Let euery Asse goe by himselfe alone :
And let vs seeme as though we knew them not ,
Since no more good is by them to be got.

Tell not a Souldier of his bloodie sword ,
Nor yet the Sailer of his life at sea :
Nor tell the Courtier of his knife aboord ,
Nor tel the Lawier of his gaineful plea :
Nor tell the lotier of his little flea :
Let them alone , and trouble none of them :
A secret hum is better then a hem.

If





No whippe.

If you will needes be merry with your wits,
Take heede of names, and figuring of natures:
And tell how neere the goose the gander fits:
Of *Hob* and *Sib*, and of such silly creatures:
Of *Croydon* sanguine and of home made features:
But skorne them not, for they are honest people,
Although perhaps theyneuer saw Paules steeple.

But, if you could, you should doe better much,
To bend your studie to a better end,
And neither one nor other seeme to tuch:
But in such sorte, as may beseeme a friend:
And doe no more your spirits idly spend
With ierking, biting, skoffing and such humors
As fill the world too full of wicked rumors.

C 2

Bring





No whippe.

Bring in no Verses for Authorities:
As in presenti, and leaue out the *R*:
Tis fit for Babes in their minorities,
Emong their formes, to fall at such a iarde.
Necke verses are for theeues but at the Barre.
God blesse vs man from euer comming there:
A gulitie heart can scarcely reade for feare.

Bacchus and *Ceres* were the Gods below:
And there shall be, and neuer come aboue.
And Claret wine will quicken wit I trowe:
By the Redde Crosse, I sweare, it is to proue:
But, what should Scholers, wine and sugar moue,
To bring in so *Appollo* and *virorum*?
When wise men smile at *horum harum horum*.
But,





No whippe.

But, pardon me, if that I speake false Latine
For lacke of learning: I no scholer am:
My masters gowne deserues no face of Satine:
I neuer to degree of Master came:
But, where smallearning might attaine the fame:
 And for a verse in Latine, let me see:
 Alas, they haue too many feete for mee.

But, let me loue that language yet of olde,
For *Ergos* sake, that many a time deluded
My troobled harte, that knewe not what to holde
Should be vpon the consequence concluded,
While many a *Placet* for his place entruded:
 Vntill the Bell bad breake vp schoole, and then
 Sufficient, made, a world of propre men.

C3

And





No whippe.

And I among them, not the least contented
To see both Maior, and the Minor cease,
Full many a time my hastie will repented,
When I haue wisht a Placet hold his peace:
Whose Sophystrye would so my feare increase,
That to be short, my learning was so little,
As I may write my Title in a tittle.

Looke not therefore for arguments of Arte:
But from the painted cloth vpon the wall,
What I haue learn'd I kindly doe imparte,
Hoping to purchase no ill will at all:
Because, so rudely to my worke I fall.
Such weakenesse my poore wits are come vnto,
That beasts, & birds, must teach me what to do.

My





No whippe.

My Librarie is but experience:
The Authors, Men, that in my notes I finde:
My notes, the natures of such difference,
As may descry each other in their kinde:
Where, if my wit and senses be not blinde,
I doe perceiue in too much ill desarte:
Pride in a Scholer, makes a foole by Arte.

Blame me not then, if that I iudge amisse:
The Sunne and Moone are my Astronomie:
When you beholde where all my cunning is,
Charge not simplicitie with villany:
It were enough to breede an Agony
In many a man: but truely not in me,
That make no care, what ere your censure be.

C 4

If





No whippe.

If it be good, I thanke you for good will:
 If contrarie, so contrarie come to you.
 If it be well, I can not take it ill:
 If otherwise, the like good may it doe you.
 If kindly then, as kindly let me woe you
 To leaue such ierkings, least they smart too sore.
 Loue me as I doe you, I aske no more.

But yet, me thinkes, I see you smile at mee, (ding:
 As though my Rules were scarcely worth the rea-
 And that a silly painted cloath should be
 The Librarie of all my learnings breeding:
 And that my wits had need of too much weeding.
 Oh what a burthen must my patience cary?
 The Alehouse is the Aſſes Di&ctionary.

But





No whippe.

But for the Alehouse and the Painted Cloth,
If ought I finde there, that be worth the noting :
Laying aside the filthy dronken froth :
What good I see, I will not skippe the coating.
A good Redde Herring may be worth the bloting.
Better a good wit in an Alehouse sit,
Then finde an Alehouse in an idle wit.

So much in honour of my homely booke :
Wherein the Birds and beasts so wisely speake :
And so much for the notes from them I tooke,
To helpe such wits as will hath made too weake,
Into the bounds of blessed thoughts to breake.
Now, for the natures of thos notes, you see
What cause you haue to thinke amisse of me.





No whippe.

I will not meddle with *Quæ Maribus*,
The *Propria* will trouble me too much:
Nor yet, *Qui mihi Discipulus*:
Except I knew my mastership were such,
As somewhat might a gratiouse Scholer tuch.
No, I will let the Latine lines alone;
And speake a few more English, and be gone.

Let all good wits, if any good there be;
Leave trussing, and vntrussing of their points,
And heare thus much (although not learne) of me;
The spirits, that the Oyle of Grace annoyntes,
Will keepe their senses in those sacred ioynts,
That each true-learned, Christian-harted bro-
Will be vnwilling to offend another. (ther
And





No whippe.

And so would I; for if in truthe, I knewe
(Although it were full much against my will)
I should offend but any one of you,
That might conceiue iust cause to wish me ill:
I would throwe downe my Inke, & break my quill,
Ere I would write one word to such an ende,
As might but gaine a foe, or lose a friende.

In kindenesse then let me entreat you this:
If that your leafure serue you, looke it ouer:
And what you finde that you may take amisse,
Let my confession of small learning couer,
Let euery Poet be each others louer.

Let vs note follies, and be warned by them :
But not in writing, to the world descry them.

It





No whippe.

It is a plot among pernicious braines,
To breed a brawle twixt better natur'd wits,
By soothing sinne with humour of disdaines,
Vntill they fall into some raging fits,
Wherein the fruite but of Repentance sits:
 But let them listen to those tongues that lift,
 Let vs not labour for a Had I wist.

For, some will say that Arte is ill bestow'd
On him that knowes not how to vse it well.
And he sometime may finde his wits beshrow'd,
That reades his lesson ere he learne to spell:
Marke but the truthe, the painted cloath doth tell;
Who laies to much vpon his wits at once,
May happe to prooue an Ideot for the nonce.
Sound





No whippe.

Sound a mans minde before you shew his meaning:
For feare repentance come an houre too late.
Barre nor the beggers from their merry gleaning:
Except the Land-lord bid you keepe the gate:
And where you may haue loue,hunt not for hate.

Let Poets drinke of *Helicons* faire fountaine,
But bring no Mice out of a swelling mountaine.

Let Noddies go to cuffes for bloudie noses:
Let vs but laugh to see their lack of reason:
Leaue them their weedes, and let vs gather Roses,
And reap our wheat,while they do pick on peason.
Let vs hate lies,ingratitude, and treason,
And with our friends in fond conceipts to striue,
And we shall be the blessed'ſt men aliue.

If





No whippe.

If that a minde be full of misery,
VVhat villany is it to vexe it more?
And if a wench doe treade her shooe awry,
VVhat honest heart will turne her out of dore?
Oh, if our faultes were all vpon the skore:
VVhat man so holy, but would be ashamed,
To heare himselfe vpon the Schedule named?

Let vs then leaue our biting kinde of verses:
They are too bitter for a gentle taste.
Sharpe pointed speach so neare the spirit pearces,
As growes to rankle ere the poison waste.
But let all be forgotten that is past:
And let vs all agree in one in this;
Let God alone to mend what is amisse.

But





No whippe.

But if we needes will try our wits to write,
And striue to mount our Muses to the height,
Oh let vs labour for that heauenly light,
That may direct vs in our passage streight:
V Vhere humble wits may holy will awaite;
And there to finde that worke to write & reede,
That may be worth the looking on indeede.

To shewe the life of vnitie in loue,
V Vhere neuer discord doth the musique marre:
But, in the blessing of the soules behoue,
To see the light of that faire shining starre,
V Vwhich shews the day that neuer night can marre:
But in the brightnesse of eternall glory,
How loue and life doe make a blessed story.

If





No whippe.

If we be toucht with sorrow of our finnes,
Expresse our passions as the Psalmist did:
And shew how mercy,hopes relieve beginnes,
Where geatest harmes are in repentance hid:
When Grace in Mercy doth despaire forbid:
And sing of him, and of his glory such,
Who hateth sinne, yet will forgiue so much.

And let our hymnes be Angell harmonie,
Where *Halleluiah* makes the heauens to ring:
And make a consort of such companie,
As make the Quire but to their holy King:
This, this, I say, would be a blessed thing:
When all the world might ioy to heare and see
How Poets, in such Poetry agree.

For





No whippe.

For who can make an Ape to leaue his mowes,
Although he call him twentie times an Ape?
And who can stop the cawing of the Crowes,
Although he tell them of their carrion gape?
And if the collicke chance to breed a scape,
 But hold your nose the sent will quickly die:
 Then cry not foh; but let the fih goe by.

A Mastiffe dog will neuer make a Spaniell:
Then let the Curre alone to shew his kinde.
A horse-mans saddle is no market paniell.
To wash a Moore is worke against the winde.
Those blinking wits do shew their wils too blind,
That finding faultes so roughly fall vpon them,
To think to mend them with their railing on them

D

The





No whippe.

The deuill is a knaue, who knowes it not?
And who but God, can put downe all his power?
And how must God his gracious loue be got?
But all by prayer euery day and houre;
While teares of sorrow make a blessed showre:
And humble faith doth but to mercy flie,
In hearty prayer; not in Poetry.

Yet say I not, but Poets well may pray;
And praying Poets doe most sweetly sing.
For prooфе, of *Dauid* see what trueth may say;
A praying Poet, and a blessed King:
Whose verses all did from such vertues spring,
As left the loue of learned trueth to try,
 Howe prayer shewes the princely Poetry.

Let





No whippe.

Let vs all Poets then agree together,
 To run from hell, and fained *Helicon*;
 And looke at heauen, and humbly hie vs thither,
 Where Graces shall be let in, euery one,
 To sing a part in Glories vniion;
 And there to settle all our soules desire,
 To heare the musicke of that heauenly Quire.

Let *Ouid*, with *Narcissus* idle tale,
 Weare out his wits with figuratiue fables.
 Old idle Histories grow to be so stale, (tables,
 That clownes almost haue bard them from their
 And *Phæbus*, with his horses, and his stables:
 Leaue them to babies: make a better choise
 Of sweeter matter for the soules reioyce.

D 2

Who





No whippe.

Who toucheth pitch and tarre cannot be cleane.
A wilfull wit doth worke it selfe much woe.
In euery course tis good to keepe a meane:
And being well, to liue contented so.
The softest walkers doe most safely goe.
Haft maketh waft: and wits that run astray,
Make had I wist, to make fooles holy-day.

Be quiet then, I say; be quiet, Wagges :
And haue no more with nothing worth to doe :
While other angle for the golden bagges,
We seeke out toies, to set our wits vnto :
But let vs leaue the Cobbler to his shooe.
And let the foole, himselfe with folly flatter:
And bend our studies vnto better matter.

No



M 701



No whippe.

No: this is not a world for simple wits,
 That can not looke a mile aboue the Moone:
 Nor roste their sparrowes but on wodden spits:
 Nor make a morning of an after-noone:
 Nor watch a bleffing when there fals a Boone:
 No,no: it is no world for weake conceit.
 The Deuil is too cunning in deceit.

A filly honest creature may do well,
 To watch a cockeshoote or a limed bush:
 For many a Scholler happily learnes to spell,
 That can not put together worth a rush;
 Yet let a Poet at such humors hush:
 His will should be about some other worke,
 Then where the Adder in the grasse doth lurke.

D 3

And





No whippe.

And since my selfe haue marched in that ranke,
VVhere *Mercury* commanded *Pallas* Traine,
And spent my spirits in my thoughts,as franke
As he that thought he had a better vaine:
I must confess,what idle humours gaine;
A frumpe,a frowne,a foyle,or els a feare:
VVhen wil doth write that reason cannot beare.

No,truely no : this world is not for me.
I will no longer be fantastical;
But winke at folly, when the foole I see :
That in his gesture is so finicall,
As if his spirit were Poeticall :
And thinke it better weare my wits at Schoole,
Then spoyle my wits in painting of a foole.

Vpon





No whippe.

Vpon the painted cloth, the Nightingale
Did bid me heare, and see, and say the best.
The sea Mew fayes it is a cruel gale,
That driues the Swallow cleane out of her nest.
Why, simple noyses now can bide no iest:
And Poets, that are open in Inuetiues,
Doe often fall vpon too much defectiues.

Beleeue me brother, tis as thou doest write;
Poets should wright by heauenly inspiration:
But he that is possessed with despight,
Shewes but a wicked kinde of instigation;
To thinke by scoffes to make a reformation.

No, let vs all goe backe to vertues Schooles,
And let the world alone to bring vp fooles.



No whippe.

I haue bene vaine as any man aliuē:
But would be vertuous now, if I knew how:
And euery day, and houre, and minute striue
My wicked heart to better grace to bow.
Then let me say, as to my selfe, to you;
Let vs leauē all our idle imperfe δ tions,
And study vertue, for our liues dire δ tions:

Let vs serue God,in word, and deed, and thought;
And by our silence make our quarrels cease:
And learne those lessons that true loue hath taught,
Where concord doth a blessed world encrease,
And speake of Peace, or let vs hold our peace.
For words, or deeds, or thoughts of strife are e-
And are but instigations of the Deuill. (uill,
It



No whippe.

It is a shame to shun the way of Grace,
And run our wits a gathering after wool;
And finde the haire so course in euery place,
As makes a wood-cocke proue himselfe a Gull,
That hath no better braines within his scull,
Then to bestow his time in idle trifles,
With penning notes to fil the world with niftes.

2

For God sake let vs then our follies leaue,
And not lay open one anothers ill;
But in our conscience learne for to conceiue,
How heedlesse wit may be abus'd by will,
And haue a care so well to vse our skill,
We may be loued for our learned lines,
Where gracious spirits Poets make Diuines.
And





No whippe.

And for my selfe, I meane the Ice to breake,
Vnto the passage of that Paradice;
VVhere rauisht Grace may of that Glory speake,
VVhere mercy liues, and comfort neuer dyes,
And the best praise of any Poet lies :
Or at the least if any went before,
Follow that line, and loue the world no more.

What right bred wits, will haue to doe with blind
Especially blind beggers and their boyes? (men,
They that haue iudgement, how indeed to find men
VVil think such younkers but hobberdie-hoyes,
That ply their wits vnto such paltre toyes :
Or els to shew that he hath learn'd in part,
To rob the blindeman of his beggers art.

If





No whippe.

If it be so, and meane to keepe a Schoole
To bring vp boyes vnto the beggers crafte,
To take a thresholde, for his cushen-stoole,
To knaue a crust, and drinke a sorry draft,
Let him goe sleepe when he hath soundly quafte,
And shrugge himselfe vnder some sorry tree,
And, 'mong the beggers, master begger be.

But then me thinkes he should set out his table;
All ye that seeke to haue your children taught,
To play the begger how he may be able,
VVhen that his eye-sight groweth old, or naught:
Aske for the man that hath the Cony caught,
And dwelleth, where the matter is not great:
And you shall haue them boorded without meate.
But





No whippe.

But tis no matter: men that haue a name,
Neede make no table; they are knownen so well.
And the blinde Begger hath so great a fame,
As of his trickes can euery high-way tell.
And since for begging he doth beare the bell,
Let him keepe Schoole; and learne of him that
The stocks wil kindly fit him for his skill. (will:

But for I doubt, some men of good profeffion,
Will take exceptions at my table-writing:
To honest mindes I make my hearts confession;
My soule is free from vertuous spirits spighting:
Not one of them is in my thoughts endighting.
I rather wish, God blesse them and their Arts,
And let the blind men play the Beggers parts.
For





No whippe

For all good Poets will cry out vpon him,
 That falles to blindenes and to beggery :
 And in his wits, be so farre woe-begon him,
 That in an humour, of base trumpery,
 The world may see, in idle foolery,
 A Ballad-maker would haue bene a Poet:
 But hat he knew not in what point to shew it.

Thus will the world be descanting on writers,
 When they shall read their ouer-rude descriptions,
 And say that spirits which are growen such spigh-
 Shuld better learned be in loues prescriptions; (ters
 Then goe about so with their circumscriptions :
 That wits of worth, that know their foolery,
 Doe call it Pot-rie, and not Poetrie.

And





No whippe.

And what haue we to doe with pilgrimage,
To walke bare witted to S. Dunces well?
A Grammer Scholer but of ten yeeres age,
That scarfe hath learn'd his Latine lines to spell,
VVill soone by heart, a better story tell:
And say, such Poets as their wits so tosse,
Make all their walkes by little witttam crosse.

For let the world imagine what it list,
And idle wits deceiue themselues with toyes :
Those hammeringheads that breedbut Had I wist,
Are all to farre from those assured ioyes,
VVhere heauenly comfort kils al earths annoyes.
No,no: tis onely Vnitie and Peace,
That makes all blessings prosper and encrease.
Oh,





No whippe

Oh Poets, turne the humour of your braines,
Vnto some heauenly Muse, or meditation;
And let your spirits there employ your paines,
VVhere neuer weary, needs no recreation,
VVhile God doth blesse each gracious cogitation.

For proud comparissons are alwayes odious:
But humble Muses musicke is melodious.

Then learne to sing, and leaue to learne to braule.
It is vnfiting to a fine conceit,
From vertues care,to vaine effects to fall,
VVhere careleffe words doe carry little weight,
VVhile fancie angles but with follies baite:

VVhich,hanging but a Gudgin on the hooke,
May figh to see,what idle paines he tooke.

No,



